

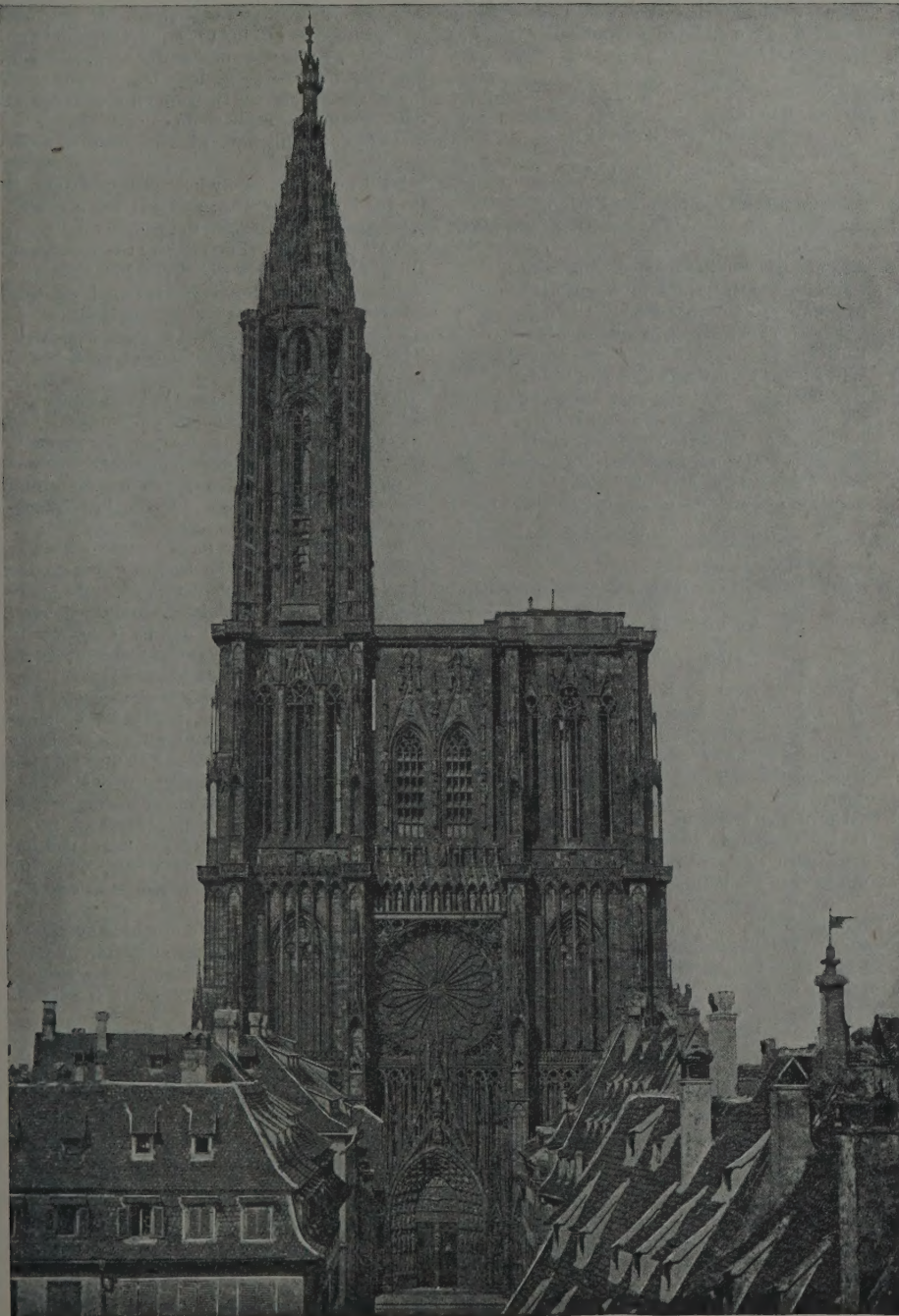
EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SQ.

VOL. XIX.—No. 10.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

JAN. 17, 1904.



STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

THE picture on this page represents the famous Strasburg Cathedral in Strasburg, designed by Erwin von Steinbach. It was building a long time, from 1015 to 1439. Even now it would seem to be incomplete. In this cathedral is the famous Strasburg clock, and at noon of every day certain figures appear at the striking hour of twelve. There are always groups of visitors to witness the spectacle.

For Every Other Sunday.

LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

BY LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

Air, "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

We are only children,
Yet we every one
Find each day for others
Something to be done.
In the world about us,
With its toil and care,
There are heavy burdens
Some of us can bear.

Chorus.

Singing, ever singing,
On our joyous way,
Little seeds of kindness
Sowing by the way.

That the world may better
Grow because we live,
Of our best we're trying
All of us to give.
This may be but little,
Just a word or song;
Yet it smooths rough places,
Helps the weak grow strong.

Chorus: Singing, ever singing.

So like little sunbeams,
Shining bright and clear,
To the world we're bringing
Messages of cheer.
Other lives we brighten
With each cheerful ray;
God's own little sunbeams,
Working every day.

Chorus: Singing, ever singing.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE DOG WHO LOVED THE FARM.

BY FANNY L. JOHNSON.

ONE afternoon I went out in the farm-yard, and what should I see but a handsome collie dog standing by the farm wagon as the horses were being taken out of it.

"Why, where did you get that dog, Patrick?" I asked of our farm man; for it was one I never had seen before.

"He followed me home from the mill, Miss, and seemed so happy with the horses I could not bear to send him away," was the answer. And, indeed, the new-comer seemed to be making himself very much at home, following the horses into the barn and watching Patrick unharness them.

Of course, we tried to find the dog's master. The miller knew nothing about him, and no one answered the advertisement we put in the paper. So Dash remained at Sunnyside, and seemed very well pleased with his new home. We called him Dash, for we did not know his old name; and, after trying him with several names, we thought he answered to Dash best.

We had a dog before Dash came to us, and at first we were a little afraid that they would not get on well together. Sport was a beautiful brown and white setter, who was made a great pet of by his mistress; and for a day or two he seemed to think that Dash might get some of the petting which had always fallen to his share. But after a little he found that Dash did not care for the same things that he did. So the two dogs were now fairly good friends.

Sport wished to be with his mistress, to sleep by her bed at night, sit by her at meals, and be fed with dainty little bits from her plate,—indeed, to follow her as much as possible.

But Dash preferred to be with the horses. He slept near them, and would take his meals hurriedly in the shed, so as to be ready to follow the men to the fields.

If Patrick was ploughing, Dash walked beside him, up and down each furrow, all day long. He seemed to feel that he was as necessary as the man, the horses, or the plough. If cutting the hay was the business of the day, he followed the horses in the same way; and, when the hay was being brought in, he would stand patiently by the wagon until it was full, then follow it to the barn. There he would lie down until all was unloaded, when he was ready to return to the field again for another load. Wherever Patrick and the horses went, Dash went, too; and, surely, no worker on the place attended more faithfully to his business than he did.

He was very fond of my father; and in the summer evenings, when we were sitting on the veranda, he would come round to see papa, and by wagging his tail and grinning a great deal did his best to carry on a conversation.

It was as if Dash said to himself, "The master has been in town all day; and now the work is over, the horses are in their stalls, I will go and tell him what we have done on the farm while he was away."

Sometimes, when the horses were not busy, Dash and Sport would play together, and one of their games was racing side by side up and down the pathway that followed the course of the river. Dash was usually a little ahead, as Sport, though a good runner, had grown fat and lazy with age and much petting.

At last a time came when we were to leave the farm and go to live in the city. We were all fond of Dash, so took him with us; and he went very willingly. But town life did not seem to suit him. He missed the horses and the exercise he took with them; and he began to lose his quick, lively ways.

One day a wagon with a pair of horses which looked something like those we had had at Sunnyside went past the door. Dash was all alive in an instant, and immediately followed them down the street. But, before he had gone many blocks, he found out his mistake, and returned to the house.

Another day the same thing happened, and Dash must have gone farther with them, as he stayed away all night; and so it came about that he was often away, and we supposed he had followed home some farmer who had been in town with his wagon. Still, Dash would return to us after being away a few days, and showed plainly that he loved us very much, but did wish we would live on a farm.

At last the spring came round again, and Dash's longing for the country became too strong for him to overcome. A farmer drove along the street one day, and Dash followed him, and did not come back to us. We made inquiries, and learned that he had found a kind master; and, as we knew that he was happy in all his old ways, we were willing to let him go, for we were sure that Dash could never really be well and contented except when he was living on a farm.

For Every Other Sunday.

BROOKE HERFORD.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

So short a time ago it seems since he
Was with us, strong and brave with word of
cheer,

And courage bold to dissipate our fear,
And give us sense the soul in truth is free;
And now sad message comes from over sea
That he so good but gently tarried here
Until the golden path was made more clear,
When he to higher rest like bird did flee!
But blessings wait upon such earnest life.
He worked so well for all religion true;
Delighted he to meet love's daily strife,
Whose victories our faith and hope renew.
Such noble service given in its day
Is gleam of sunshine on the future's way!

For Every Other Sunday.

THE ROARING SEA IN THE STORM.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

Part II.—The End.

JOE was soon on his way to the "Furder Dock." He was a capital oarsman. There was not a boy in his school—and it was a big one—that could beat him at the oars. Besides, the tide was going to help him today.

Down the creek he went, faster, faster; for the idea came to him that somebody at the Port, perhaps one of those shipwrecked sailors, might need his help.

"There's a certain boy over in the pasture lane, perhaps," was a thought that came to him. "Would you help him?" Joe rose in his boat, and looked toward the land. "That picture on the wall," he was saying to himself, "is the picture of somebody that helped those that hated him." There was nobody in the pasture lane. It was empty of everything save the driving storm.

When Joe reached the Port, he saw on the wharf somebody that looked like Jim Bray.

"Where's the ship that came ashore?" asked Joe, as he pulled up at the decrepit old wharf, and, stepping out, stood by the side of a fisherman in an old tarpaulin suit.

"Oh," said Skipper Jack Grimes,—and the old fisherman smiled,—"you are the minister's boy?"

"I'm his nephew."

"Yes, yes, I know," said the skipper; "and you want to see suthin'?"

"Yes, sir, and, if I could do something, I'd like it better."

"You're good at the oars, I see. I watched ye come down the crick just now, and I sez to myself, Them oars are pulled by somebody that knows how."

"Now, Joe,—I believe that's your name?" Joe nodded his head. "You want to do something, and there'll be a chance very soon. Can you make out those three masts sticking up above those rocks?"

"I think I can, skipper."

"That's the wreck, the 'Sally Ann,' and they're making up the boat's crew. You can see 'em there, at the next wharf. I'll go down with you; and Sam Jackson, who skippers the boat, will be glad to have you. You'll run a risk, boy,—mustn't forget that. If you get back, they'll be talking to you and saying, 'The parson's nephew was one of the crew.' If you don't get back"—he hesitated.

Joe thought of the picture on the wall, and quietly said, "I'd like to do something."

"You come this way. I'll take you to Skipper Sam."

"I'll go round in my boat, Skipper Jack, if it will be just as well; and I'll tie my boat somewhere, down where the people are."

"All right, Joe. You stick to the water, and I'll go along this 'ere wharf, and join ye later."

Joe had a very hearty reception from that mustering boat's crew and their friends.

"He's going to help ye," Skipper Jack said. "He's a master hand at the oars for a boy of his age."

"The parson's boy," sang out some one.

"He's good for it!" called out another.

It was very gratifying to a young oarsman's pride to receive this ovation. Everybody was so glad to see him. Everybody was so proud of his reputed skill. "And a Boston boy," somebody was saying.

Joe's compact figure looked more muscular than ever. It would be so gratifying to his nautical pride to be one of this crew, to share in the triumph, to come back amid the general rejoicing. It seemed to Joe as if he would not sell for the grandest fortune this opportunity to take a seat in that waiting boat.

Suddenly from this very boat rose one who had offered his services, which he declared were of great worth; and no one of those present knew him well enough to dispute him, and he had been accepted. "What! That puppy going?" snarled Jim. Pointing at Joe, he growled, "If he is a-goin', then I ain't."

He was stepping out of the boat, making a long stride to reach the wharf, when he slipped, and with a heavy splash sank into the chilly creek.

It was all done so suddenly that every one seemed overwhelmed with surprise, and for a moment there was no attempt at a rescue. Then came the sound of a swift, strong advance.

"Hold on, hold on!" cried Skipper Jack. "Jim said he's a good seaman. He must be able to swim. We can fish him out easily."

"He's sinking!" shrieked a woman's voice. "He's gone down once, twice!"

The next moment there was a very decided plunge into the water. There were two that sank. There were two that rose again, and Jim Bray was about to go down for the third time. He was held fast, though, in the grip of Joe Potter. Tight, like a vise, Joe held him.

He struggled with him to the wharf, and both were helped ashore. "Take him to my house," called out Skipper Jack. "That's close by. Bear a hand, boys!"

"Thank you," said Joe, smiling, "you're very kind. We can walk. No need to trouble anybody."

"Let him have his own way," said the skipper; "but," he whispered to a neighbor, "that Jim Bray looks too weak to walk."

"Hold a minute!" shouted a voice. Somebody was running up to bring news. "I want to tell you, boys," said the messenger, "you won't have to go off to the 'Sally Ann.' There is a life-saving crew that got in ahead of you, and rescued all hands."

There was a voice saying, "That's splendid!" "Thank God!" more than one said fervently.

"Now, folks, perhaps we'd better go to the skipper's."

It was Joe Potter speaking. The crowd at once parted. To right, to left, they fell back. They saw Joe Potter, his arm thrown about the silent, awed Jim Bray.

It was a heavy burden for Joe, and his figure bent under it. He was not aware of it; but, if any one there had seen the picture that a little while ago had interested Joe, they would have said that Joe's figure was like the drooping form of the picture on the wall.

SNOW DAYS.

Oh, the children love the snow, and they never grumble over it!

O winter snaps, but in their wraps they toss and tumble over it.

In a laughing jolly jumble,
Through a snow-drift first they stumble;
Then a snow-man, like a dough-man
(Though he really looks like no man),
They freeze stiff as any Roman,
Ere he has a chance to crumble.
So hello! who loves the snow
Let him out a-playing go!

On the road it makes a cushion, so the wheels can't rattle over it;

But all the boys in merry whirls, they romp and battle over it.

Then the girls both high and humble
Bring their sleds without a grumble,
And a-coasting, cheeks a-roasting,
Every one of speed a-boasting,
Down the hill they all go coasting,
With a jounce and bounce and tumble.
So hello! who loves the snow
Let him out a-playing go!

MARTHA BURR BANKS, in *St. Nicholas*.

For Every Other Sunday.

WHAT THE CHATTERERS DID.

BY BERTHA M. SNOW.

THE Chatterers were a Sunday-school class of ten little girls, of which Dorothy Denton was one. One Sunday, when Sunday School was over, she called the class together in one corner of the room, and asked the girls how they would like to form themselves into a club. The girls all thought it would be great fun.

The next afternoon, about half-past four, ten eager little girls were seated around the table in Dorothy's parlor. Mamma had been called in to show them how to form a club, and stood listening with a smile to the busy hum of voices around her.

By and by Dorothy stood up and rapped loudly on the table. "Will the meeting please come to order?" she said very solemnly. She

had heard mamma say that once when a number of ladies met in the parlor one afternoon, so she felt sure it was the right thing to say.

"Now, mamma, if you will please tell us what to do first."

"I think we ought to choose a name first of all. Every club has a name, doesn't it, Mrs. Denton?" asked Edith West.

"Yes, Edith," answered Mrs. Denton. "And, as I sat here listening to you all talking at once, I thought of a name for your club which seems to me to be just the thing. Why not call yourselves the Chatterers?" The girls thought the name a splendid one; and it was put to vote with mamma's help, and carried.

Then mamma helped them to choose and elect a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer.

On the following Monday the Chatterers met again in Dorothy's parlor. Mamma was called in. She came bringing another lady with her. "Last week," said mamma, "I told you I would look around and see if I could find some charity which you would all be interested in and like to work for. I have found one; and, when you hear about it, I am sure your hearts will all be touched as mine was when I learned of it." Then mamma introduced the lady who had come in with her: "Miss Stone, these are the ten little girls who have formed themselves into a club, and who want to do their part in the world's work." Miss Stone said she was very glad indeed to be able to come and meet them, and she hoped the club would be a pleasant and prosperous one.

"And now you wish me to tell you about my work," she said. "Well, I will; but first let me ask you all to shut your eyes and keep them shut for a few minutes." The girls did as she asked.

After a minute or two she said, "Can you imagine what it would be like if you had to keep your eyes shut all the time, or, rather, let me ask if you can imagine what it would be like to open your eyes and yet find everything as dark as it is with your eyes closed?"

The girls could not imagine such a thing, and all agreed that it must be very dreadful.

"It is very sad," replied Miss Stone; "but many little children are like that. When they open their eyes, they cannot see even the bright sunlight. Where I live, all the children are like that. The charity of which I have charge is called the Nursery for Blind Babies; and some day, I am sure, Dorothy's mamma will bring you all over to see what a sunny, comfortable place the nursery is and how happy and well cared for the babies are.

"As you all want to work for something, there is one baby at the nursery I will tell you about; and, when you have heard the pitiful story of his dark little life, I am sure you will all want to do something to make him happier and more comfortable than he has been up to this time. He is a dear little fellow, a year and a half old. His father was a very wicked man, and ran away from his mother when he was a tiny baby. So she had to work very hard to take care of him and herself.

"A few weeks ago she was taken sick and died. So Baby Tom was left with no one in the world to look out for him. The town authorities were going to send him to the poor farm; but, before taking him there, they sent him here to a hospital to see if anything could be done for his eyes, and the doctor there knew about our nursery and told the man who brought him. The man was very glad to find

such a nice home for him, and he has been with us nearly a month.

"I think it would be very nice if you would work for Tom. You see, he has no one to take care of him. He has no clothes of his own, though of course we see that he has whatever he needs from our supply. He has no bed, either; for all our beds are full, and he has to sleep in a big basket at present. He is very comfortable there, and it is the nicest bed he ever had in his life; but I am trying to find some one who will give a bed for him, just like those the other babies have."

"What will a bed cost?" asked Dorothy, anxiously. "Twelve dollars and eighty cents," answered Miss Stone.

"Girls," said mamma, "I have a suggestion to make. You can buy small banks, just large enough to slip ten-cent pieces into. They hold five dollars. Wouldn't it be nice for each member of the club to get one of these banks and fill it for Tom?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" cried all the girls at once.

It was arranged that the next Saturday they should go over and see Tom, and that they should buy their banks and commence filling them at once.

It was about two months later that the Chatterers again met in Dorothy's parlor, and this time each member held a small cylinder bank tightly clasped in her hand. It had not been hard to fill the banks. All the mammas and papas had been asked to contribute ten cents, and grandmas and grandpas and aunts and uncles,—in fact, all the relatives and friends were called upon,—and you may be sure everybody was glad to give ten cents to poor little blind Tom. The banks were opened, and the money piled on the table. Such a big heap as it made! They counted it over, to make sure it was right, and then put it into a strong box, and with mamma started for the nursery.

Knowing that the money would be ready on time, mamma had ordered the new bed for Tom; and, when the girls had poured out the contents of their box into Miss Stone's lap and she had counted it over and found fifty dollars to a cent, she took them upstairs to show them the little white bed and the outfit of new clothes with "Tom" written plainly on every article.

It was six o'clock. So Tom had had his supper and been undressed and put into his new bed, which had a small brass plate on the head, with the words "Given and maintained by the Chatterers" engraved upon it. Tom was standing up in his bed, holding on to one side with his little hands, and jumping up and down as fast as he could. Like all blind babies, he was very fond of a noise; and every time the spring of his bed rattled he laughed out merrily, and thought it was great fun.

"Mamma," said Dorothy that evening, "I am so glad I thought of forming a club."

"I am so glad you did, too, Dorothy," answered mamma as she kissed her little girl good-night. And now Dorothy is anxious to have other girls do the same thing.

[The above interesting account relates to a real institution located at 66 Fort Avenue, Roxbury, Mass. Miss Bertha M. Snow is the matron in charge, and has furnished this story for the readers of *Every Other Sunday*. It is based on facts. Here is an opportunity for young people. To give aid to the blind, specially to blind babies, is a good Christian deed. Perhaps others will be incited to assist this worthy enterprise by reading Miss Snow's article.—Editor.]



THE DEAD SEA.

Those who do not give till they die show that they would not then if they could keep it any longer.

BISHOP HALL.

For Every Other Sunday.

MISSIONARIES.

BY ALICE GAY JUDD.

A SUNNY smile, a firm hand-clasp,
An action full of kindest thought,
A cheering word, a brave "God-speed,"
Have marvellous changes wrought.

For Every Other Sunday.

MRS. REDBREAST AND MISS HONEYBEE.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

MRS. ROBIN REDBREAST was returning one morning from the worm market, and it must be confessed that she was feeling discouraged. She had pecked and pecked, and pulled and tugged; and all she had succeeded in getting was a very thin, scraggly worm, that would not begin to make a meal for one of her hearty children.

Nevertheless, she whistled a cheerful greeting to little Miss Honeybee, whom she met also returning from an early morning shopping trip, stopping to speak of her trouble and of her hope that it would rain soon, and render food more plenty.

"Buz-z-z-z!" replied cheerful Miss Honeybee. "Why do you always go to the same mar-

ket? When the weather is fine, I often go seven miles for food. You should not be so easily discouraged, Friend Robin."

Mrs. Redbreast held her lean worm limply in her bill, while she assured Miss Honeybee that, if the dry weather continued, she might be compelled to follow her example.

When she reached her nest in the apple-tree, four hungry mouths gaped for the worm; but, as she had no means of dividing it, she dropped it into the one nearest her, and flew off in search of another. All the time she was thinking of Miss Honeybee's advice.

Suddenly the wind up in the tree-top began to toss the leaves about roughly. Mrs. Redbreast thought of her little ones, and hoped they would be able to take care of themselves and not fall out of the nest until her return.

Just then the Wind whispered, "I'm going to blow up rain."

Mrs. Redbreast was delighted; and she hoped in her little robin heart that he would do it quickly, for she wished, if possible, to avoid the long journey suggested by Miss Honeybee.

By and by the raindrops began to patter down. Faster and faster they came, until Mother Robin was forced to seek shelter in a tree close at hand. All the while she kept thinking of her poor hungry little children. She hoped Father Robin would be near, to cover them with his wings until she should succeed in getting their breakfast ready.

While she sat cuddled up under a maple leaf, the Wind whisked by again.

"I'm going to blow from the south now,"

he confided to Mrs. Redbreast. "That will cause Mr. Sun to smile upon the earth, and chase away the busy little raindrops. Hope you will be able to find some food after the shower. Seven miles is a long distance to fly when hungry children are waiting."

Mrs. Redbreast thought so, too; and, after thanking the Wind for his aid by a few friendly chirps, she sharpened her bill upon a limb of the tree, and flew down upon the beautiful green lawn beneath, and the very first effort she made to obtain a worm was successful.

"My, what a beauty!" buzzed Miss Honeybee, who happened to meet Mother Robin on her way home.

"Yes, and I didn't fly seven miles for it, either. The Wind sent the raindrops to moisten the earth, so that food is now plenty, and I must hasten to feed my hungry children," twittered happy Mrs. Redbreast.

Away she flew to her nest, where a chorus of eager chirps greeted her. But a robin baby never is satisfied; and Mother Robin was still digging for worms when Miss Honeybee entered her hive that night.

"Dear! dear! I believe it is as hard to feed children as it is to make honey!" she buzzed. "But it is better to work than to be idle." This was said for the benefit of a lazy Drone Bee that was filling up the doorway. She pushed him aside, and brushed the pollen from her hind legs into a cell of her comb pantry. And, while Mrs. Redbreast was brooding her sleeping children beneath her tired wings, Miss Honeybee was resting from her task of honey-making.

The old proverb about having too many irons in the fire is an abominable old lie. Have all in, shovel, tongs, and poker.

ADAM CLARKE.

THE WORLD-SMITHS.

WHAT is this iron music
Whose strains are borne from afar?
The hammers of the world-smiths
Are beating out a star.
They build our old world over,
Anew its mould is wrought;
They shape the plastic planet
To models of their thought.
This is the iron music
Whose strains are borne afar;
The hammers of the world-smiths
Are beating out a star.

Smiths of the star unfinished,
This is the work for you,
To hammer down the uneven world,—
And there is much to do.
Scoop down that beetling mountain
And raze that bulging cape;
The world is on your anvil,
Now smite it into shape.
What is this iron music
Whose strains are borne afar?
The hammers of the world-smiths
Are beating out a star.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

For Every Other Sunday.

A TRUE STORY FROM THE WEST.

For the Little Folks.

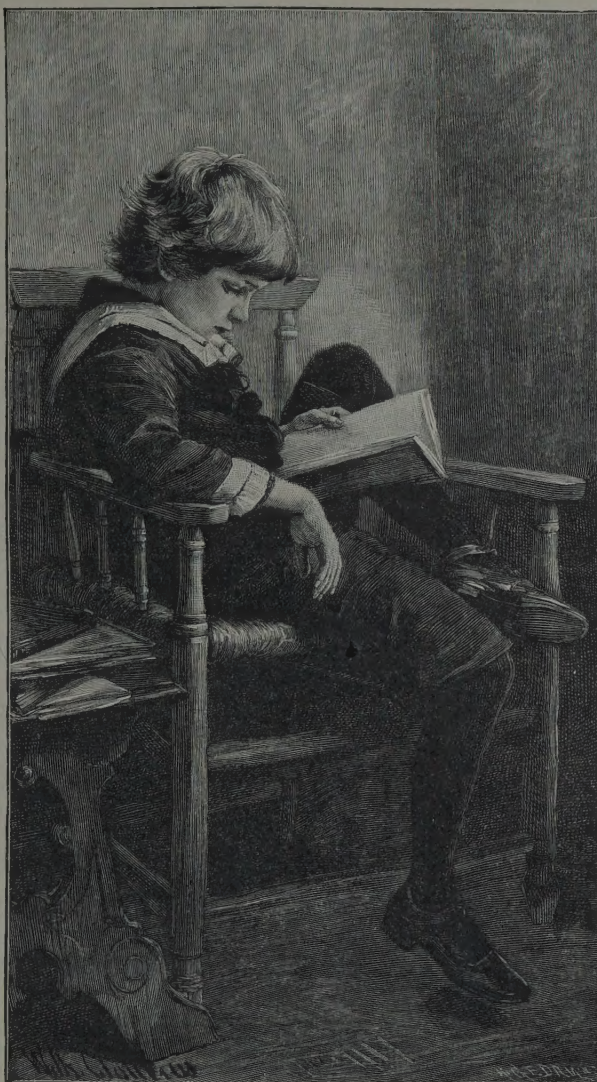
BY FAITH JONES WEST.

AWAY out in Iowa is a farm called the "Glen Farm," because the buildings are in a glen surrounded by hills and tall trees. There are a good many different animals on this farm,—cows, horses, pigs, Angora goats, dogs, and cats. Every year our Unity people have a Sunday-School picnic down there, and some lively boys and girls fairly swarm all over the place. They climb the hay-mow of the big barn, visit the sand-bank in the woods, wade in the creeks, and sometimes they "go in swimming."

But I started to tell you a story about an animal that lives at the Glen Farm. It is a cat. There are two of them there, both very much like the other one, both black and white, and just the same size; but one has a right black eye, and the other has a left black eye. So, if you look very carefully, you will be able to tell Tweedledum from Tweedledee.

Last spring both cats had big families of kittens up in the big barn; but, as soon as the little kittens could run about, they would get underfoot, and the big horses and cows didn't know any better than to step on them, and pretty soon only one kitten was left alive to tell the story. We never knew whether he belonged to Tweedledum or Tweedledee, for both mamma cats were good to him; but we thought he would be happier if he had some one to play with, so we brought home another kitten. The old cats adopted him at once, and seemed very happy to have two in their family again.

Well, this fall there were some more baby



A LOVER OF BOOKS.

kittens found in the mangers up at the barn. Tweedledee seemed very proud of her new babies, and would stay with them by the hour and take good care of them; but old Tweedledum liked the grown-up kittens down at the house best, and spent most of her time nursing them. Of course, this left her tiny babies to cry pitifully. They would get cold and hungry, and no good mamma came to care for them.

One cold morning they were crying for "mamma, mamma," as loudly as they could, and what do you suppose happened? A nice warm mamma came flying right into the manger, covered them all up warm, and talked to them just lovingly.

She didn't talk in cat language; but they seemed to understand that she wanted to cuddle them, and they stopped crying and got warm and "comfy." Old Mrs. Hen had left her nestful of eggs in the next manger to care for the suffering babies. Her eggs meantime got cold, and the little chickens were never hatched.

The question is, Did she do right to leave her own babies to care for her neighbor's?

Biography is the home aspect of history.

WILLMOTT.

SEASONS.

'Tis April in November,
If you will make it so,
Or Maytime in December,
Despite the falling snow,
If only you'll remember
Your smiles make roses blow.

'Tis spring in autumn weather,
If you will sing all day,
And smiles and songs together
Turn winter into May;
The snow will be like heather,
If only you are gay.

For Every Other Sunday.

GLADYS AND THE OWL.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

GLADYS had a great trial when she was twelve years old. It was necessary for her mother to go to an old aunt who was seriously ill. Her father went with her, and would remain there a day or two; and meanwhile Gladys was left for the first time in her life without father or mother. Her nurse, now cook and laundress for the small household, was to stay in her room at night, and the gardener, her nurse's husband, would sleep downstairs to see that all was safe. So she was well guarded, except against loneliness.

Gladys was a good child, and when the first night came, and all of her excuses were exhausted for staying "just a wee bit longer, nurse, to see you make the bread, or to hear you tell just one little, little story," she consented to go up the long, winding stairway, with black shadows lurking on every landing, to her bedroom. She even agreed, when the ceremony of undressing had been lengthened as far as she could possibly stretch it, to let Martha go downstairs again to fasten the windows and doors, and cover the fires.

She was just about to get into her small, white bed, and had indeed forgotten all about her fears, when suddenly there came a soft but decided thud against a window-pane, as if some one had thrown a wet snowball there. For one breathless instant Gladys stood still, then ran to the door, calling "nurse! nurse!" in tones that brought Martha swiftly upstairs to her aid.

When she heard the story of Gladys, she opened the window and looked in every direction. The untrodden snow lay white and smooth on the walks and on the garden beds,—not a footprint anywhere.

"I don't see any one, dearie," she said comfortingly.

"Nor did I, nursie, not a bit of anything; but I did hear—and oh, see, just in the middle of the pane the frost's rubbed off!"

It did look as if something had rubbed the pane clear in that one spot, and Martha looked out again behind shrubs and evergreens this time, to see if a mischievous boy might be hiding.

No, there was nothing there; and even a

boy could not have passed over the snow without leaving any trace.

She turned to Gladys with a perplexed brow. "Are you sure, my pet, you didn't imagine you heard the noise?"

Gladys turned a small, indignant face toward her nurse; but even as she did so she clapped her hands noiselessly, for there, just at the very nick of time, came another soft thud against the window-pane.

Both ran to look out, and both caught a glimpse of a white shadow, if a shadow could be called white, flitting toward the old apple-tree near the corner of the house.

Martha suddenly chuckled, "Tisn't a burglar this time, though I guess 'tis a pretty bad character after all: it's the screech-owl that sometimes stays in the hole in the apple-tree."

"Oh!" cried Gladys. "Why, he is a regular 'sassinator of little birds and a kidnapper of mice. P'raps he is worse than a burglar to them!" And her large eyes opened wide.

"Well, he sees your lamp burning, for all he is so blind in the day; and it is cold and snowy outside, and I suppose he thinks it's warm in here, and he doesn't know he can't fly straight through glass panes. They are washed clear, I'll say that for my own work."

Gladys remembered. She had been startled before by the tremulous, quavering cry of this little owl flying near the turf in the dusk of the evening, and her father had told her what the sound was, and had even written some verses for her on the difference between the Things of the Dark and Things of the Light. She tried to repeat them to herself, as she nestled down snugly in her "soft, white bed." But before she got to the last verse she was sound asleep. But these are the verses:

Gladys, from her soft, white bed,
Through the glimmering window sees
A fitting shape of fluffy down
In the shadow of the trees.
Swift it flits across the lawn
In quest of mouse and tiny fowl,
With a low and hooting cry:
Gladys knows it is the owl.
"Tu-whit, tu-whoo! I wish I knew!
Tell me the riddle, I beg,
Whether the egg was before the owl
Or the owl before the egg?
I wish I knew! Tu-whit, tu-whoo!"

Full of sparkle, dew, and song,
When the sun is in the skies,
What a strange, dark world at night,
With shapes that flit and hooting cries!
Prowls the cat, a stealthy form;
Flits the owl, from shade to shade,
With his riddle, curious, quaint,
How the owlet first was made.
"Tu-whit, tu-whoo! I wish I knew!
Tell me the riddle, I beg,
Whether the egg was before the owl
Or the owl before the egg?
I wish I knew! Tu-whit, tu-whoo!"

Gladys wonders in her bed,—
Cry of owl and song of lark,—
How they whirl, each after each,
World of sun or of the dark?
But, my Gladys, choose thy world,
Choose the singing and the light;
Not the curious shadow-shapes,
Nor the riddle of the night.
"Tu-whit, tu-whoo! I wish I knew!
Tell me the riddle, I beg,
Whether the egg was before the owl
Or the owl before the egg?
I wish I knew! Tu-whit, tu-whoo!"

LITTLE FOLKS IN WINTER QUARTERS.

UNDER the firs in the feary woods,
Where the chipmunk goes to sleep,
Where bunny counts his winter's goods
And the ground-pines noiseless creep,

The little black ant in his cubby nest
Is snug and tight and warm;
He fears not the gale that comes from the west,
Nor the howl of the woodland storm.

For all is well where the frugal are,
Where the store is safe and sound;
And they mind not the stare of the chill night
star
In their cubby nests under the ground.

H. S. K., in *S. S. Times*.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE JOURNEYS OF PUSSY TIPTOES.

BY KATE LOUISE BROWN.

V. The Best of All.

SO Pussy Tiptoes went on with her journeys, until she became, as Papa Clifford said, one of the best-known citizenesses of the town.

It was no uncommon thing to see her gliding along Main Street, stepping daintily, as was her wont, tail waving gently and the rose-colored bow always jauntily aloft. She seemed to bear a charmed life, and horses, drays, or electric cars, had no terrors for her.

As for dogs! only let Pussy Tiptoes look one firmly in the eye, and he would slink away with an air of apology that seemed to say, "Oh, excuse me, Madam, I did not observe it was you."

Boys liked her as well as did the girls, and grave business men stopped to stroke her shining coat and give her a pleasant word. It was even said that the mayor, who lived close by, kept chocolate creams in his pocket to bestow upon her at the corner where he took his car every morning.

Ruth was a very proud little mistress. "I do believe you are a fairy cat," she would say as she hugged her pet. "You are certainly as wonderful as anything in my story-books."

"Oh, nonsense!" Puss would reply. "I'm just a plain ordinary cat. Perhaps, however, I have used my opportunities better than most of my kind. At any rate, I like life, and mean to make the most of it."

What a pity Ruth did not understand cat language! How many interesting conversations with Puss Tiptoes she might have had!

The spring had come again, and Mr. Draper's apple orchard was one mass of rosy bloom. Mrs. Draper was an artist, and often sat painting in her garden.

One day Ruth and her mamma were with her, watching the picture grow under the skillful play of the brush.

Very suddenly Puss Tiptoes' voice was heard, crying in distress. The next moment there was a scrambling sound, and Puss' little gray head appeared on the high wall which separated the two gardens. Her fur stood up in all directions, and her yellow eyes were staring with fright.

As soon as she saw the group, she dropped piteously on the ground at Mrs. Clifford's feet, mewing piteously.

"Why, Pussy, did a bad dog chase you?" said Mrs. Clifford, soothingly, stopping to stroke her.

"She doesn't mind dogs, mamma," said

Ruth. "It is the dogs who mind her. I guess Sarah Blenus has been in the garden." Sarah Blenus was a very inoffensive kitty in the neighborhood who sometimes tried to make friends with Puss Tiptoes.

For some unknown reason Puss could not bear Sarah, and was always indignant when she ventured upon the place.

Pussy ran toward the gate a few steps; then turned back, and mewed distressfully.

"What do you want, Pussy?" said Mrs. Clifford.

Now Mrs. Draper was not only fond of animals, but a student of their ways. She had been watching Puss very keenly.

"Perhaps she wants you to go with her," she suggested.

Puss Tiptoes ran to Mrs. Clifford, and buried her claws in that lady's dress. "I believe I will follow her," she said. "I never saw her behave quite like this before."

So mamma walked down toward the gate, followed by both Mrs. Draper and Ruth.

Puss Tiptoes led them out of the gate and up a narrow alley to the street. Then she scampered toward the Clifford's front door. Mrs. Clifford took out her latch-key and let the party in. Pussy ran down the long hallway to the kitchen door, where she stopped and mewed.

"I smell smoke, mamma," said Ruth.

Mrs. Clifford opened the door a crack, then gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Don't come in, the rest of you, until I see just what is the matter," she said, opening the door and disappearing behind it. They heard her rushing around and the sound of water splashing. In a few moments she opened the door, saying, "It is all right now."

The maid had been ironing, and the clothes-horse, full of Ruth's dainty muslin and lawn aprons, had been left too near the fire.

Some heavier clothing had been smouldering away rather slowly, but, as Mrs. Clifford opened the door, the aprons had caught and were all in a blaze. A stand of muslin curtains freshly laundered hung just beyond, next to the table, which had a light cotton cover. Only the prompt throwing on of a pail of water which stood in the sink had saved a much larger fire.

Thekla, the servant, had certainly been careless, and was sewing away calmly in her room on the third floor.

When Mrs. Clifford called her down, the room was full of smoke and black bits floating about, the floor was drenched with water, and the pretty aprons, entirely ruined, lay in a heap on the table.

"You have saved our home, you darling kitty," said Mrs. Clifford, catching her up and hugging her even as warmly as Ruth ever did.

"How did Puss know, I wonder?" said Mrs. Draper. "She probably was in the back yard, and came to the back door to be let in. As no one answered, she mewed awhile, and then, smelling the smoke, scented danger and ran for help, like a sensible creature."

Papa Clifford walked in soon in all the excitement. Puss was overjoyed to see him, and ran to and fro, arching her back, waving her tail, and purring loudly.

"Well, well! this is the best journey you have made yet," he said. "You must have a reward of merit for this good deed."

A few days later he brought home the "reward." It was a beautiful leather collar, trimmed with silver, and bore a silver bell, engraved with her name and the date. The bell had the sweetest and most silvery tinkle: it was

a pleasure to hear it. Puss Tiptoes let Ruth put it on, and closed her eyes from sheer modesty when her dear mistress praised her.

Mamma Clifford held up her hands and laughed. "You are two children, indeed," she said merrily. "The mice will be so grateful for that bell. It will warn them when Puss is about."

"Oh!" said papa, looking for all the world like a naughty boy caught stealing sugar. "Why, I never thought of that."

"I don't care," said Ruth, hotly: "the bad old mousies will be scared and run away, and never dare come to our house again."

"Let us hope that will be the case," laughed Mrs. Clifford.

Puss Tiptoes no longer goes on journeys. If you ask her the reason, she will answer you from a snarl of tiny paws and cocking tails, "Do you think I can leave my four babies?" She might reply severely, "No, my journeying days are done, and I am able to warn my children against the snares and pitfalls of this world."

HAVE we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was. And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret.
But still our place is kept and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen:
We always may be what we might have been.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

For Every Other Sunday.

IN A NEW ENGLAND HOME.

BY L. EUGENIE ELDRIDGE.

THE firelight was ruddy and warm in the kitchen of Farmer Bradford.

His children parching corn and roasting apples, and his wife with her knitting-work, made a pleasant home picture. And the father was there reading "the weekly," for it was long before the days of rural postal delivery and before the daily paper had penetrated to outlying farms and hamlets.

The fire was on the hearth in the wide-open fireplace, and its glow sent cheerful gleams into dim corners and upon the old-time kitchen furniture.

Along one side stretched the "settle." This was important in every kitchen, not only as a seat for children, but as a general receptacle for clothing and stray belongings,—sort of a cupboard and clothes-press combined. It was built against the wall, the seat fastened with hinges upon one side and raised like a trunk-lid.

The chairs, too, are worth mentioning,—tall, straight, and flag-bottom,—the work of "seating" often done by the father's own hands with rushes or flags growing by the pond near. Two are rockers. And, let me say it softly, the children were not expected to occupy them. To lazily swing in a rocking-chair was thought to foster habits of indolence and selfishness. And so the children were brought up to sit on low stools and benches.

And in the corner, pushed aside after the day's work, stood the spinning-wheel. It was no novelty to the Bradford children. The yarn for their stockings had been spun upon it since their birth, and they knew not of days when its hum was still.

In the opposite corner stood an eight-day clock, one of the first the township had known. It was always a matter of interest to the children to listen to its slow and solemn "tick, tock," its long-drawn halting "strike," and to watch the marvellous little cuckoo-bird that suddenly appeared at the close of each sixty minutes.

Farmer Bradford was born late in the eighteenth century, while George Washington, father of his country and honored of men, was still living. And the death of Washington is one of the impressions of his childhood.

He distinctly remembered old neighbors gathered around his father's hearthstone talking of the event. Some of these men had followed Washington in the War for Independence, and the oldest in the French and Indian War. To them his death was as a personal loss.

Travelling was not as speedily accomplished then as now. It was two weeks after the death of Washington before the event was known in New England.

To the close of his life Farmer Bradford cherished a certain patriotic pride that he had lived a few years in the world with George Washington.

His children delighted to hear him recall these early stories and the days of his grandfather, when the old house was built. Then the Indians, remnants of several tribes, were to the northward often making depredations, falling upon defenceless people, so that a watch was sometimes set day and night.

The sudden appearance of a swarthy face at the window was a signal; and, unless frightened away, more often followed.

It may seem to children of the present day, with endless toys and amusements, that children who lived more than three-quarters of a century ago were without sports or means of recreation.

Thomas Carlyle tells us "the king is the man who can"; and the young Bradfords made good use of their resources, often proving themselves "kings" in that good sense of the word, to have and to do.

There were sparkling winter nights when the gleaming starlight and silvery moonlight upon the glistening snow changed the old farm fields to fairyland, and the beauty was theirs.

There was coasting down the long hills upon stout home-made sleds, and skating upon skates that never saw shop windows.

There were rides in the old red sleigh drawn by the strong farm-horse, made lively by the merry music of bells that had last done duty as martial music July Fourth.

There were winter evenings around the fire, with endless castle-building along with the apples and nuts.

In summer resources were everywhere, because they felt that out-of-doors belonged to them.

They made much of little, and enjoyed life somewhat with a sense of kingship.

On the Sabbath Day they went to church. The chaise was rolled out in the morning. This was sure, unless sickness or impassable weather prevented.

An old-fashioned chaise was a roomy affair. Father, mother, and the youngest children rode, the older boys and girls walked, a distance of several miles.

They left home about nine o'clock in the morning, returning in the neighborhood of four in the afternoon.

There were two services, and the sermons

were long. But they developed character in regular church attendance; and, moreover, they were required to sit still.

They enjoyed the homeward walk all the better for this quietness.

At "early candle-light" on Sabbath night the Bradford children gathered near father and mother in the old kitchen for their service of song. They always sang hymns,—the strong, grand old hymns of the church,—and very early in life began to commit them to memory. And as long as they lived the hymns learned in those early years were a comfort and blessing to them.

True wisdom, in general, consists in energetic determination.

NAPOLÉON.

For Every Other Sunday.

READINESS.

BY KATE S. GATES.

"I NEVER saw such a fellow as you are, Tom," said Esther Warren, impatiently.

"You seem to think that all you've got to do is just to wish for a thing, and it will be put right in your hands without your so much as lifting a finger."

"Yesterday you were wishing that you could take first honors as Will did when you graduate, but you failed in every lesson to-day simply because you would not study hard enough. Now you're wishing you could be a rich merchant as Uncle Richard is, but you never would want to work as he has. I've heard father tell more than once how he was always down to the store bright and early, and saw to everything himself. You will find out some day that you won't get much in this world unless you work for it. Won't he, auntie?"

"I have read somewhere," replied Aunt Margaret, "that it is idle to wait for your ship to come in unless you have sent one out, and I am inclined to think Tom will find it so."

"There is no royal road to anything really worth having. It must be won inch by inch, by steady, persistent, hard work. Some one else says that the secret of success is constancy to purpose."

"Indeed, persistent, continued effort seems sometimes almost a miracle worker. The tortoise kept pegging away, and won the race. You will never reach any goal, Tom, unless you make for it, as you say. You will never accomplish anything worth while in life unless you work for it."

"As Frances Willard said once, 'Understand this first, last, and forever,—the world wants the very best thing. It wants your best.'"

"But remember, also, my boy, your chance, your special opportunity, may come to you but once. If you do not see it, if you are not ready to meet it, it is lost forever to you."

"Have not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain," the old philosopher said. Do not let your opportunity find you unprepared to meet it."

"There is nothing so pitiful, so unutterably sad, as a wasted life."

"We have but one, just one, life. If it is misspent and wasted, we have lost our all. There are such glorious possibilities in even the humblest life, and we so often let them slip carelessly by unused. Start now, this very minute, Tom, to make the very most and best of yourself that you can, with God's help."

For Every Other Sunday.

OUR HOLY-DAYS.

BY ERNEST N. BAGG.

By strangely sweet and unexpected ways
Kind Fortune brings to us new holy-days—
Each day that brings us farther up the hill
But knits our narrowing circles closer still;
Be new strength gained from every danger
passed,
Be every vista wider than the last;
To make earth-darkness bright with faith and
cheer,
This be our motto through the coming year!

HOW MANY STARS?

THE first flag of the United States, as most of the *Instructor* readers know, consisting of thirteen stripes, with thirteen white stars arranged in a circle on a blue field, was adopted by Congress in 1777. In 1795, after the admission of Vermont and Kentucky to the Union, the flag by order of Congress had fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. It was this form of the flag which was used at Fort McHenry, and which inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star-spangled Banner," our national anthem.

It was soon seen, however, that, if a new stripe was to be added for each new State, the flag would soon be unwieldy. So in 1818, when five more States had been admitted, Congress passed a resolution to the effect that thereafter the flag should have only thirteen stripes, representing the thirteen original States, and twenty stars, for the Union as it then was; and, further, that one new star should be added for each new State admitted. At the present time there are forty-five stars in the flag; and if the wishes of Oklahoma, Arizona, and New Mexico are granted, and those Territories receive the privileges of statehood, there will soon be three more.—*Youth's Instructor*.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

Now we are along in the New Year, and how is it with us?

Some have "turned a new leaf" and kept it turned; that is, they feel a new start. They are on a higher level of action, and do not fall into mistakes so easily.

Others are a bit discouraged: doing is not so easy as planning. Resolutions bravely made are weakly broken. To these it seems as if the new year were simply the old, with a changed calendar.

The Editor has no special wisdom to give; but he knows the lamp of experience, and can tell some of the truths it reveals.

Don't expect too much, but—expect. Don't expect to turn right about and change everything, but expect growth. Grow! That is the word to take and the idea to keep. Grow in character, grow in will-power, grow in kindness, grow in mind, grow in breadth of view.

We cannot revolutionize habits, tastes, ideas; but we can make the best in us grow, and so overtop the poorest in us. A well-cultivated garden is kept free from weeds greatly by having vigorous plants and shrubs.

To the teacher,—see that there is steady growth in the pupil. Better that than spasmodic, temporary gains. Draw out the best, encourage the best, develop the best,—that is religious education.

HOME STUDY CLUB.

The young people are earnestly urged to search out the required answers to the questions below, which should be sent to the Editor of "Every Other Sunday."

EDITED BY MRS. SARA SARGENT ABBOTT.

1. Of what great English actor did Pope say, "That young man never had his equal as an actor, and will never have a rival"?
2. Who said, "When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford"?
3. What celebrated painter was born at Narragansett, Rhode Island?
4. Who made the designs for the beautiful gates on the north and east sides of the Baptistery, Florence?
5. From what author and what book do we get this: "Boston State House is the hub of the solar system! You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar"?
6. What noted tavern in Fleet Street, London, has Tennyson immortalized in his poem, "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue"?
7. What sculptor bequeathed a great part of his fortune to build and endow a museum in Copenhagen?
8. Who laid the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, and when?
9. Who said and in what book, "In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile"?
10. In what play of Shakespeare's is the action dependent upon two pairs of twins, those of low birth being the servants of the high-born brothers?

Answers will appear Feb. 14, 1904.

Answers

To questions published Dec. 6, 1903.

1. Michael Angelo. Rome.
2. As You Like It.
3. Dante.
4. Landseer.
5. Holofernes is a leading character in the book of Judith.—O. T. Apocrypha; he was killed by Judith.
6. Saxony, Germany. Leipsic is the leading city in the world in book selling and publishing.
7. Jules Breton.
8. A noted German archaeologist.
9. Alma-Tadema.
10. Lucretia P. Hale.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

POPE.

LETTER-BOX.

HUMBOLDT, IA.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Unity Sunday School every Sunday. My teacher is Miss Katy Preble. I get the *Every Other Sunday*, and like it very much.

Last month, at the church fair, our class had a table of things to sell, and sold five dollars' worth for the Sunday School.

Our Sunday School is going to have a Christmas programme.

I am nine years old.

We have a birthday box in our Sunday School.

Yours truly,

THEODORE GARFIELD.

ENIGMA XI.

I AM composed of 13 letters.

My 12, 11, 8, 3, is good as a fertilizer.

My 2, 7, 8, 13, is the place we should love best.

My 1, 5, 10, is a useful vessel.

My 6, 4, 11, 12, is mostly an ornament to its possessor.

My 10, 9, 6, 1, 12, 13, is much in demand as a receptacle.

My 2, 5, 6, is a kind of house.

My 12, 9, 7, 8, is a machine.

My 3, 4, 6, to do should give us pleasure.

My whole is a late invention that terrorizes many people.

ACROSTIC.

(ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter spells the name of a kind of fish.)

1. A Spanish statesman.
2. Quality of being sour.
3. President of Texas.
4. Manufacturer of steel pens.
5. To seize.
6. Unlawful.
7. A flower.

HENRY A. JENKS.

PLANTINGS.

PLANT a watch, and what will come up?
Plant a number of sheep, and what will come up?
Plant a horse, and what will come up?
Plant a cow, and what will come up?
Plant a kind of spice, and what will come up?

HELEN STRONG.

CONUNDRUM X.

I'm in every one's way,
Yet no one I stop;
My four arms in every way play,
And my head is nailed on at the top.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 7.

ENIGMA IX.—Booker T. Washington.
AFTERNOON TEA.—Liberty. Charity. Christianity. Originality. Electricity. Hilarity. Repartee. Frailty. Brevity. Fidelity. Authority. Chastity. Frugality. Society. Stupidity.

GEOGRAPHICAL PLACES.—1. Moscow. 2. Iceland. 3. Poland. 4. Wales. 5. Scotland.

CONUNDRUM VIII.—Multiplication Table.

CONUNDRUM IX.—They cell (sell) it.

IMMORTALITY.

THERE is something in the earth, the air,
That holds my spirit from a dull despair;
A sense of life beyond our utmost ken,
Where all things live again, somehow, somewhere.

CLARENCE HAWKES.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

The uniform subscription price of *EVERY OTHER SUNDAY* is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday Schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools. Twenty-two numbers constitute a volume. Publication is suspended in July and August.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Geo. H. Ellis Co., Printers, Boston.